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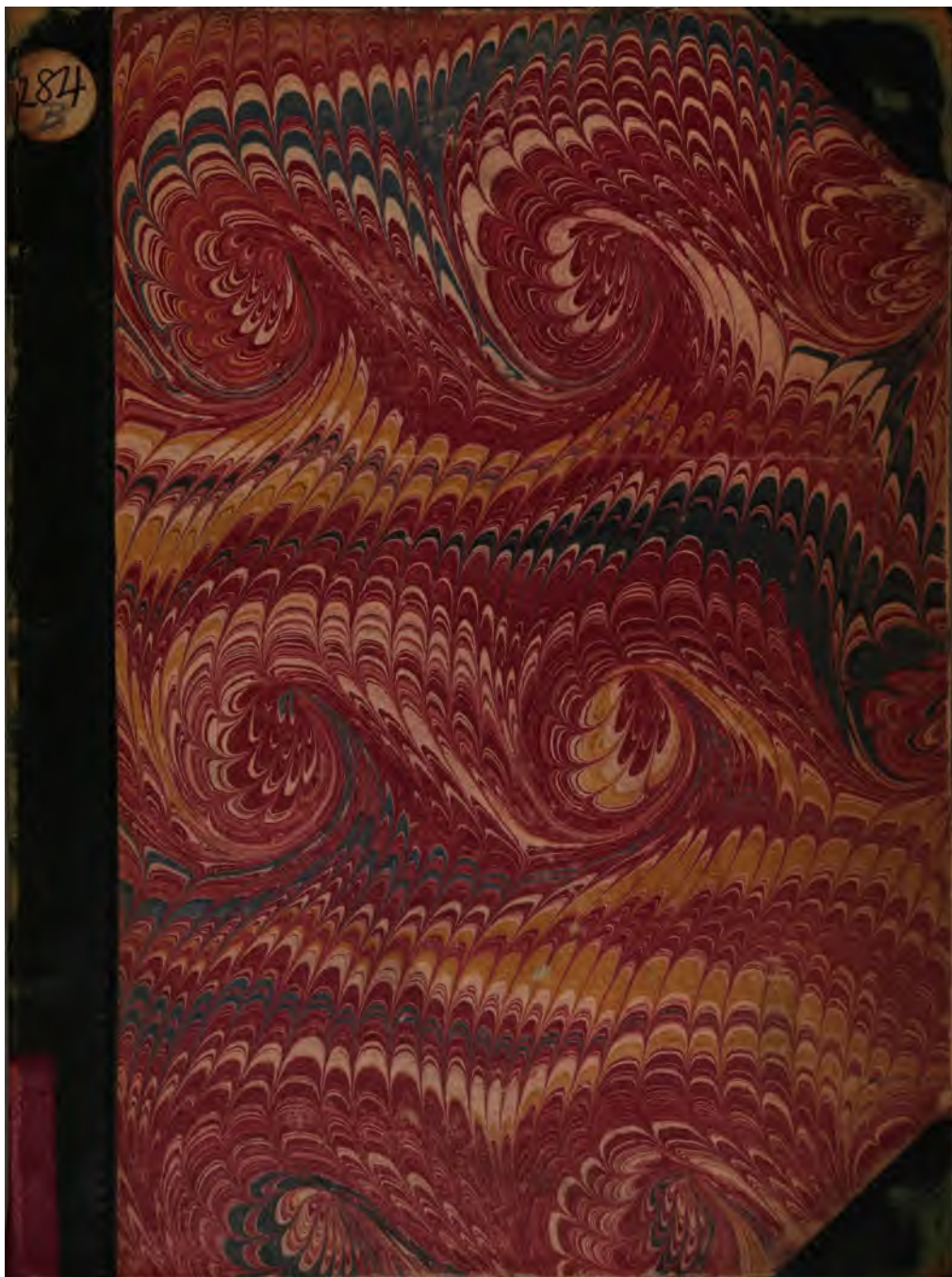
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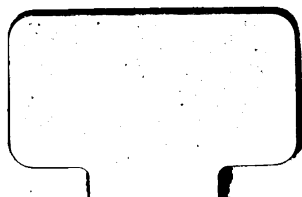
the





Q

the



ONE
SHEET,

Or, if you will
A Winding Sheet
For the
Good Old Cause,

IN ORDER TO
A Decent Funerall, in case of a
second *DEATH*.

By *W. P.* Philopolites.

Pygma



LONDON,
Printed in the year, 1659.

226. k 35

ONE
T. H. E. T.

OF THE

20012 77nding Street

OF THE

Good Old

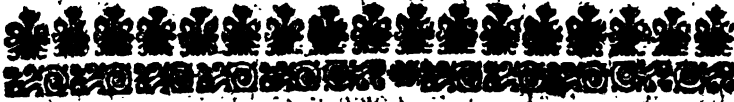


A. J. C. T. H. E. T. in one of the
10012 77nding Street

10012 77nding Street

10012 77nding Street

10012 77nding Street



A Winding Sheet, &c.

I Would not have any to imagine that my design is to expose this sheet to public view, as a Trophy of the pretended *Good Old Cause* its Resurrection; neither would I have it do penance therein, lest the products of its sanguine Complexion, should prove worse than *Menfes Profusæ* are, and consequently leave such an illutable stain, that instead of a Sheet, it should deservedly be called *Tannum menstruum*; but my intention, rather is to have it in a readiness at the time of its Funerall Solemnities; for it is much suspected, that though our new imagined Common-wealth may have Twins struggle in its Womb, yet that it will at last only bring forth a single person (which single product, the Resurrection being more dangerous than *Mole on wire*) may well cause the death of the Mother) for the effecting of which there will not be wanting such Mercenary *Miswives*, as will put to their helping hands, for the production of any thing though never so monstrous. Now what greater Monster can be produced, than a new Protector of another Family and Interest than what we have already? But when this Tympanic of Pride and Ambition is swelled to the height, we shall have the Bowels of our *Good Old Cause* break into a Protectorship, or some other title equivalent, and more Tyrannical. O. P. was a. . . for the *Good old Cause* another new Pretenders, till he saw an opportunity of setting himself in the Saddle, and then the Keepers of the Liberty of England might lead his horse, but Death dismounting his Champion, his Son according to the Humble Petition and Advice assumed his Fathers Room, to whom (as it is obvious enough, he directs his regard from now Countess and Che-

perations in England; looking upon him as their lawfull and
supream Governour (the family of the *Stewarts* being extirpa-
ted by these continual new Modellers.) But *Astra regunt homi-
nes*; and *Mars* being most predominant, at that very time when
the signe was in the stomach, down goes *Richard* without an
aspect of Opposition. It is very probable, that had his little
finger been heavier then his others, *Idem*, he had not so ea-
sily been heaved out; for *Similes sunt* *gubernator*, and one oppres-
sor would help to maintaine another, especially whilst their
interest run parallel; but he seeming to decline oppression,
Oppressors decline him; and make bold to practice that in
their own names, which they cannot have licence to act un-
der the Protection of another. For what now every private Soule
directs to the dignifying of *Dunkirkum melorum*, and blusters
not to affront such, as maintaine them and their bluish colour-
red Coats. But it seems the days of mourning are over, and their black
buxtons will no longer put them in mind of their old Bene-
factor the old King-killing Cause standing in Competition
with his posterity, so that now it is as had to be a Promotorian,
as was in the days of yore to be a Cavalier.
And thus are supplied from *Yaffell* to *Yaffell*, and every
day more and more slaves to our own Countrymen, which is as
bad in us to suffer, as it is in them to impose. And yet all
must be done Machivillian like, under a pretence of Religion,
and the liberties and priviledges of the people, when as the
experience teacheth us, that nothing else is intended, every
plain Countryman being so far become Politician, as that he
can easily discern the face of these fallacies in the glass
of his own woes, and Geographer like will give you a
true description of most of the high wayes, as *Waffell*,
in which though he never wrought or traveld, yet he hath faith
enough to beleve, that they are well mended in time of Year
of a long Parliament where there hath not hithertofoe wanted
workmen, that would take more then ordinary paines in the
Pits of other mens pockes, so that they might save their
own soyle. And seeing they have an opportunity offered of making Hay
whilst

whilst the sun shines, let us go into the shade that have nothing else to do, but to sing *Solamen miseris* &c. which dolefull ditty is the only solace as I know now extant, and is like to continue till we turne our swords into plough shares, and our speares into pruning hooks; which is not like to come to pass; whilst some of us are so prone to dissensions, that we must needs create disturbances in the Nation, on purpose to render the sword usefull and necessary: Whereas we were in a faire way of safety, and might very well have put our selves into a posture of defence according to our old Method, without that intolerable and needles burthen of a constant Army, which would be insupportable to any but Asses backs.

But we see Customes in Martiall affaires, as well as Law, are not so easily broken, where uses are transferred *ipso facto* into possession, without help of the Statute of 27. H.8. and a piece of a long Parliament Prosser in trust, which are as Conduit pipes; I cannot say to lead the uses, because the uses lead them. But however they serve to convey the sweet hony from the laborious Bee to the idle Drones, and if themselves get a taste by the way, is only in Correspondence to the Proverbe, *That is an ill Cook that will not lick his own finger.*

But no more of that, least I should set them on a stomach, that never had an appetite; for we have Task-Masters enough who will expect their tale of Bricks, though they allow no straw, and will exact taxes, though they distrust Trading; who, so that they may make themselves great, care not how despicable, or to what extremities they expose others. But sure such have little reason to promise themselves safety, in their private Cabbins, when the Ship is in danger of sinking, or to dream of a perpetuity in that, where in others have had so small a continuance, the Wheele of Fortune being apt to turne, when it stands most ready: nor late transactions refuse as much, and may tend to the setting the right Spoke uppermost.

at 12 o'clock
and by 10 o'clock
1675

It is an undeniable Maxime in Divinity; That whatsoever is of God shall stand: And most true it is, *Si Deus nobiscum quis contrarios!* but yet he may suffer many things which he doth not allow, and then they must needs fall; the pleasant success not deciphering the goodness of a cause, though it be never so old: For I never thought good and old Correlatives, because I have often observed that the older the worse, and we all know that a thing relinquish'd and forsaken, being new swept and garnish'd, is fitter for the reception of more Devils then ever.

I must really confess that I am so much, what I profess my self in the front of this sheet (and I wish for quietness sake we were all of the same mind) that for the welfare of my native Country, I could think a Republique good, so that it did not degenerate from a Commonwealth, and a Protector better, so he parted not with that like a fool, which some say (his father got like a knave, & a King lost of all, that title being most agreeable to our Laws & Nation) so he were not a Tyrant & nullified all good Votes, with his Negative voice, or stand so much upon his Prerogative till he lose his place: but from a Democracy *Libertatis Dominus*, that our Parliaments may be no longer over aw'd with swords, like a dog with a Cudgell, nor take any more such strong Positions, as to purge out the Members instead of the Humors, which must needs render them an imperfect body; not worthy the name of the peoples Representatives, but rather the Hawking hordes of some particular persons, to catch their prey the more easily.

The best to say of two evils the least is to be chosen: I wish our new created Parliament may observe the same method, and seeing in this juncture of affairs; they could do no less then what they have done; I hope that in their progress they will make choice of democracy, rather then an Oligarchy, that an executive power (seeing it may not be in one) may be committed to a few of the best, though not for the present of the strongest, and alas such whose breeding and parts makes them overly guilty of mischief, may not be impeach'd by bones only rattling with Magnanimity, which have nothing in them but the downright language of the Sword, whose Ignorance makes them despise that which they understand not, and

and whose Covetousness makes them desire that which others possess; who delight in nothing less than peace, because it is no time for Plunder, and care not what confusions they introduce, so they produce their profit and keep the Nation still (Monster like) with the Tail where the Head should stand, which fight hath cost every English man a vast deal more, than many a Show that is not worth twopence: I speak not this to extenuate the honour due to Martial Discipline, which may tend much to the glory of a Nation, nor to derogate from the worthiness of such *Martignons* whose merits may sufficiently manifest that my speech is not intended of them; though it be in some sort directed to them, only to this end that it may the more conspicuously appear that they have drawn the Sword for their Countries good, by being willing to lay it down for their advantage; and as opportunity shall offer it self, to send those *Martignons* under their command (that will fight on any side for 6. d. odds) to their quondam employments, whose desire is only to make a Trade of War, and to live upon the ruins of others, being not willing to be accounted non-proficients under their late Grand Tutor, who was so well experienced in the Game at *Par*, that by the advantage of a few spots, cunningly rendered the King an inconsiderable Card; and these illegitimate Births of that corrupted Parent are grown to that maturity that they are ever ready to run the hazard of a forcible entry, and in imitation of their old Gamesster put honest men out of doors, though they have nothing but a Knife to shew for it. But we are now at *One and thirty*, a Game that (without disparagement) may be played at a Council Table, where if the Gamessters be not self-seekers, this miserable cheated Nation may be the greater Winner.

But now to turn to our *Good Old Cause*, which being new come to Town, may justly take exceptions, that I have been so long averse, & not exercised towards her Ladships those common civilities, that are usual to all Strangers, as to solicit their stay, though they never desire it, &c. But I must beg an excuse, not being bred up in the Academy of Compliments; therefore not apt to flatter, neither can I speak Ironically; though I have learned the Figure, being more apt to *Ten Tell-Troth* Dialect,

and

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